By S. R. CROCKETT.

Copyright, 1828, by S. R. Crockett. CHAPTER LIL

THE TAUNTING OF LA MEFFRATE. was in the White Tower of Machecoul that the Scottish maldens were held at the meror of the cruel lord of Retz. At their first arrival in rise country they had been taken to e quiet chateau of Pouzauges, the birthplace Poitou, the Marshal's most cruel and reorseless confidant. Here, as the Marshal ad truly informed the Lady Sybilla, they had seen under the care of, or rather fellow prispers with, the neglected wife of Gilles de Retz, and had spent some days of comparative peace and security in the society of her daughter. But at the first breath of the coming of the hree strangers to the district they had been seized and secretly conveyed to Machecoul itself, there to be interned behind the vast walls and triple bastions of that fortress prison.

"I wonder, Maudie," said Margaret Doug-Tower of Machecoul and looked over the batamenta upon the green pine giades and wide seaward lands. "I wonder whether ever we hall see the water of Dee and our mother-

It is to be feared that the last part of the roblem exceeded in interest all others in the

yes of Maud Lindesay.
"It seemed as if we never could again be hold any one we loved or wished to see here in this horrible place," sighed Maud Lindesay If ever I get back to the dear land and see olway side, I will be a different girl."

"But, Maud," said the little maid reproact "you were always good and kind. It a not well done of you to speak against your If in that fashion." Maud Lindesay shook her pretty head mourn-

"Ah, Margaret, you will know some day," ne said. "I have been wicked-not in things ne has to confess to Father Gawain, but, well n making people like me, and give me things, d come to see me, and then afterward floutng them for it and sending them away."

It was not a lucid description, but it sufficed "Ah, but," said Margaret Douglas, "I think t these things to be wicked. I hope that me day I shall do just the same, though, of ourse, I shall not be as pretty as you, Maudie -no, never. I asked Shelto MacKim if I would, and he said. 'Of course not,' in a deep "It was not pretty of him, was it, Maud?"

"I think it was very prettily said of him," namered Maud Lindesay, with the first ficker of a smile on her face. Her conscience was quite at ease about Sholto. He was different. Whatever pain she had caused him she meant to make up to him with usury thereto The others she had exercised no more for her own amusement than for their own soul's

good.
"My brother William must indeed be very angry with us that he hath never sent to find us and bring us home. It is three months since we met that horrible old woman in the woods above Thrieve Toland, and believed her when she told us that the Earl had instant need of us, and that Sholto MacKim was with

"None saw us taken away, Margaret," said the elder, "and, perhaps, who knows, they have never found any of the pieces of flower garlands I threw down before they put us in he boats from the beach of Cassencary." But the eyes of the little maid of Galloway were now fixed upon something in the green

courtyard below.
"Maud-Maud, come hither quickly," whispered. "If yonder be not Laurence Mac-Kim talking to the singing lads and dressed like them-why, then, I do not know Laurence

MacKim!"

Maud came quickly enough now. Her facand neck blushed suddenly crimson with the pringing of hope in her heart. She looked down, and there, far below them

but yet distinct enough, they saw Laurence daring Blaise Renouf to single combat and vaunting his Irish prowess, as we have already een him do. Maud Lindesay caught he omnanion's hand as she looked.

"They have found us," she whispered, "a least, they are seeking for us. If Laurence is here I warrant Sholto cannot be very far O. Margaret, am I looking very ill? Will be think I am as" (she paused for a word) as comely as he thought me before in Scotand. Or have I grown old and ugly with be

But the maid of Galloway heard her not. She esence in the castle of Machecoul.

"Perhaps William bath sent Laurence to by us out and is even now coming from his luchy with an army. He is a far greater man han the Marshal and will make him give us up as soon as he finds where we are. Shall I call down to Laurie to let him know that we are

Maud put her hand hastily over her com-

anion's mouth.
"Hush," she said. "We must not appear to know him, or they will surely kill him—and perhaps the others, too. If Laurence is here wot well that other help is not far away. Let s be patient and abide. Come back from the vall and sit by me as if nothing had happened." But all the same she kept her own place in spot whence she could command the pleasunce below, and looked to see Sholto follow his brother across the greensward. "Sweet and fair is the air of the evening."

gurred behind them a low voice, that of the wo-man who was called La Meffraye. "It brings the color to the checks of the young. But I am old and wise, and I would advise that two saids so fair should not look down on the sports of the youths lest they hear and see more than is fitting for such innocent eyes!" The girls turned away without looking at eir custodian, who stood leaning upon her with hand crutch and smiling upon them her rrible soft smile.

"Ah," she said, "proud are you? 'Tis an Il place to bring pride to this eastle of Macheui. You would not deign to speak a word to a roor old woman now. But the day is not far distant when I shall have, my pretty spitfire clinging about these old trembling knees and beseeching me, whom you despise as a woman, either to save you or kill youyou will not care which. As a woman-ha! ha! how long is it since La Meffraye was a wo-man. Was she ever rocked in a cradle? Did she play about any cottage door and fashion daisy chains, as I have seen you do, my pretties, long ere you came to Machecoul or heard of the Sieur de Retz. Hath La Meffraye ever lain in any man's bosom-save as the tigress

eroughes upon her prev?" She raused and smiled still more bitterly

and malevolently upon the two maldens.
"Bid you chance to be awake yestereven?" she went on "Aye, I know that you were awake. La McGraye saw right carefully to that. And you heard the crying that rang out of youder high window, from which the red light streamed all through the night. Wall wall, my pretties, till it is your turn to be sent for thither, when the shining knife is be sent for thither, when the shining knue is sharreined and the red fire kindled. You will had depicted and the red fire kindled. You will not despise I a Meffraye then. You will grovel and weep, and then will La Meffraye source you with her fost, till the noise of your crying a borne out over the forest, and for very glades at he wokes shall how! in the darkness."

The little maid of thatloway was moved to a sweer, and her fibs quivered. But Maud Lindessy sat nais and motionless, looking foward the north, from which she hoped for help to come.

hughed a low, chuckling laugh showed the four long eye teeth to sole remaining dental equip-icath.

Oh Breat Hirran," she chuckled, "listen to the stretty fool. 'Our brother will do this, 'Our brother will hek the country of Retz clean as a dog licks a Diatter. Know you not, silly fool, that both

tedl you may master set his little finger upon them and crushed them like flies on a summer chamber wall."

Mand Lindesay rose to her feet as La Meffraye spoke these words.

"It is not true," she cried. "You lie to us as you have done from the first. The Earl of Douglas is not dead."

It was now little Margaret who showed the solrit of her race, and rut out her hand to clasp that of her eider comrade.

"Do not let her even know she has power to hurt us with her words," she whispered to Maud Lindesay. Then she spoke aloud.

"If that which you say be true, and my brothers are dead, there are yet Douglases. Our cousins will deliver us."

"Your cousins have entered into your possessions." jeered the hag. "It is indeed a likely thing that they will desire your return to Scotland in order to rob them of that which is their own."

"We are not afraid," said the little maid stouty. "There are many in the land of the Seots who would gladly die to help us."

"Aye, that is it—they shall die, all die. Three of them died yt-der-even, torn to pieces by my lord's wolves. Fine, swift four-footed guardians of the castle of Machecoul—La Meffraye's friends. And one young cock below there of the same gang hath gone even now to my lord's chamber. He hath mounted the stairs he will never descend."

"Well," said the maid of Galloway, "even so, we are not atraid. We can die, as died our friends."

"Die—die!" cried the hag sharply, angered at the child's persistence, "Tis easy to talk. To soulf a candle out is to die. Poof! 'tis done. But the young and beautiful like you, my dearies, do not so die at Machecoul. No-rather as a dying candle flickers out, falls low and rises again, so they die. As wine oozes drop by drop from the needle-punctured wine akin—so shall you die, weeping, beseeching, drained to the white, like a dripping calf in the shambles, yet at the same time; reddened and shamed. Then La Meffraye, whom now you disdain to answer with a look, will wash her hands in your life's blood and laugh as your tears fall slowly upon th

hands in your life's blood and laugh as your tears fall slowly upon the latchet of her shoon!"

But a new voice broke in upon the railing of the hideous woman-fiend.

"Out, foul hag! Get to your own place!" it said, strong and commanding.

And the affrighted and heart-sick girls turned them about to see the Lady Sybilla stand fair and pale at the head of the turret stair which opened out upon the roof of the White Tower.

At this interruption the eyes of La Meffraye seemed to burn with a fresher fury and the green light in them shone as shines emerald stone held up to the sun.

The hag shrank, however, from the outstretched under finger of Sybilla de Thouars.

"Ah, fair lady," she whisnered, "be not angry—and tell not my lord, I beseech you. I did but jest!"

"Hence!" the finger was still outstretched, and in obedience to the threatening gesture the hag shrank away. But as she vassed through the portal down the stere of the turret, she flung back certain words with a defiant fleer.

"Ah, you are young, my lady, and for the present-for the present your power is greater

ret, she flung back certain words with a de-flant fleer.

"Ah, you are young, my lady, and for the present—for the present your power is greater than mine. But wait. Your beauty will wither and grow old. Your power will depart from you. But La Meffraye can never grow older, and when once the secret is discovered and my lord is young again. La Meffraye is the one who with him shall bloom with im-mortal youth, while you, proud lady, lie cold in the belly of the worm."

mortal youth, while you, proud lady, lie cold in the belly of the worm!"

"It is true—all too true!" said Sybilla de Thouars, sadly: "they are dead. The young, the noble, were and are no more. I who speak saw them die. And that so nobly that even in death their lives cease not. Their glory shall flow on so that the young brook shall become a river and the river become a sea."

Then, in a few words and quiet, she told them all the heavy tale.

But when the maids made as though they would cleave to her for the symmathy that was in her words, and because of her tears, she set the palms of her hands against their breasts and cried." Come not near one whom not all the fires of purgatory can purify one who, like liscariot, hath contracted herself outside the mercy of God and of our Lord Christ."

But all the more they claye to her, overpassing her protestations and classing her, so that being overcome she sat down on the steps of a corner turret which rose from the greater, and wept there, with the weeping wherewith women are wort to ease the heart.

Then went Maud Lindesay to her and set her hand about her neck and kissed her, saying: "Do not be sorry overmuch. Confess to the minister of God. I also have sinned and been sorry! Yet after came forgiveness and the unbound heart."

Then the Lady.

the minister of God. I also have sinned and been sorry! Yet after came forgiveness and the unbound heart."

Then the Lady Sybilla ceased quickly and looked up, as it had been smiling. Yet she was not smiling as maidens are wont to smile. "Pretry innocent." she snid. "You mean well, but you know not what the word 'sin' means to such as I. Confess—absolve! Not even the holy one and the just could give me that. I tell you I have eaten of the apple of knowledge of good and evil—yes, the very core I have eaten. I have the taste of innocent blood upon my lips. I have seen the axe fall, the axe which I put into the headsman's hands. I am condemned and that justly. But one of you shall live to taste sweet love, the crown of life, and to feel the innocent lips of children at your breasts. And the other—but enough! Farewell! Fear not. God, who has been cruckin all'else, has given your lives to Sybilla de Thouars, ere He shall strike her with his thunderbolt!"

And as she went within the eyes of the maids followed her, but the masked man with the naked sword never so much us turned his head, gazing straightforward over the battlements of the White Tower into the like mist which hung over the Atlantic.

CHAPTER LIII.

SYBILLA'S VENGEANCE.

Syllilla's VENGEANCE.

There stands a solitary rock, in which is a cave, on the seashore of La Vendee. Behind stretch the marshes, and the place is shut in and desolate. Birds cry there. The bittern booms in the thickets of gray willow and wetshot alder. The herons nest upon the pince is shut in the stands seem of them trees near by till the stale seem of them comes down the wind from afar. Ospreys fish in the waters of the shallow lakes behind, and the scales of their prey flash in the sun of morning as they rise dripping from the dive. In this place Shoito, Malise and the Lord James Douglas were presently abiding.

It was but a tiny cell, originally formed by two portions of marly rock fallen together in some ancient convulsion or dropped upon each other from a floating iceberg. In some former, age the cleft had been a lair of wild beasts or the couch of some hairy savage hammering flint arrow heads for the chase and drawing with sharp point upon polished bone the yet hairler mamment he hunted. But this solitary longing in the wilderness had been enlarged in more recent times until now the height of a man of stature when he stands erect.

The hearts of the three present cave dwell—

solitary lodging in the wilderness had been enlarged in more recent times until now the interior was about eight feet square and of the height of a men of stature when he stands erect.

The hearts of the three present cave dwellers were sick and sad, and of them all the bitterest was the heart of Sholto Mackim. It seemed to his eager lover's spirit as he climbed to the ton of the sand dunes and gazed toward the massive lowers of Machecoul rising above the green woodlands that hitherto they had but wardered and done nothing. The sorger had engireled them about with his evil. They had lost Laurence uterly, and for the rest they had not even touched the outer defences of their arch enemy.

Thrice they had riced to enter the castle. The first time they had taken by force two warons of fuel from the men who went toward Machecoul, leaving the woodsmen behind in the forest bound and helpless. But at the first gate of the outer hall the Marsbal's guard had stopped them and demanded that they should wait till the cars were unloaded and returned to them. So, having received the money the Scots returned as they were to the men whom they had left in the forest.

After this repulse they had gone round and round the vast walls of Machecoul, seeking a place vulnerable, but finding none. The ramparts rose as it had been to heaven, and they with men on the watch. Round the walls for the space of a bowshot every way there ran a green space fair and open to fis view, but in reality full of pittalis and secret engines. From the battlements began the arrow hall, so soon as any other way than by the thrice-defended road to the main gate.

The wolves howled in the forest by night, and more than once came so near that one of the three men had to take it in turns to keep watch in the caves mouth. But, for a roason more attacked by the wild beasts of the words of the garrison hasting from all sides in an-awards of the garrison hasting from all sides in an authority of the garrison hasting from all sides in an authority of the search par

whereabouts of the maidens, it was obvious that they could do no better than remain in their seaside shelter.

Their latest plan was to abide in the cave till the Marshal set out again upon one of his frequent journeys. Then it would be comparatively easy to ascertain by an ambush whether he was taking the captives with him or if he had left them behind. If the maids were of his travelling company the three rescuers would be guided by circumstances and the strength of the escort as to whether or not hey should venture to make an attack.

But if by any unhoped-for chance Margaret and Maud were left behind at Machecoul, it would at least be a more feasible enterprise to attack the fortress during the absence of its master and his men.

But if by any unhoned-for chance Margaret and Maud were left behind at Machecoul, it would at least be a more feasible enterprise to attack the fortress during the absence of its master and his men.

Alone among the three Scots Malise faced their predicament with some philosophy. Sholto atc his heart out with uncertainty as to the fate of his sweetheart. The Lord James chafed at the compulsory confinement and at the consistent ill success which had pursued them. But Malise, unwearled of limb and ironic of mood as ever. Ished upon the flats for brown-spotted flounders and at the rocky points for whitefish, often remaining at his task until far into the pight. He constructed snares with a mechanical ingenuity far beyond his age. And what was worth more to the company than any material help, he kept up the spirits of Sholto and of Lord James Dougias, both by his brave heart and merry speech and still more by constantly finding them something to do.

At the hour of even, one day after they had been a fortnight in the country of Retz, the three Scots were sitting moodily on a little hillock which concealed the entrance to their save. The forest lay behind them, an imponentiable wall of dense undergrowth, crowned along the distant horizon by the solemn domes of the green stone pines. It circumvented them on all sides, save only in front, where, through several beaker-shaped breaks in the high sand dunes, they could catch a glimpse of the sea. The Atlantic appeared to fill these clefts half full, as a Venice goldet out of which the purple wine is half drained. To right and left the pines grow scantier, so that the rays of the sunset shone red as molten metal upon their stems and made a network of alternate gold and black behind them.

The three sat thus a long time without speech, only looking up from their tasks to let his even season and made a network of alternate gold and black behind them.

The three sat thus a long time without speech, only looking up from their tasks to let heir eyes rest with the for a policy

So suddenly did she appear that the Lord James gave a low cry of wonder and sprang to his feet, while Malise, the practical, reached for his sword. But Sholto had seen this vision twice already, and knew their visitor for the Lady Sybilla.

"Hold, there!" he said in an undertone. "Remember it is as I said. This woman, though we have no cause to love her, is our only hope. Her words brought us here. They were true words, and I believe that she comes as our friend. I will stake my life on it."

"Or, if she comes as an enemy, we are no

though we have no cause to love her, is our only hope. Her words brought us here. They were true words, and I believe that she comes as our friend. I will stake my life on it."

"Or, if she comes as an enemy, we are no worse off," grumbled skeptleal Malise. "We can at least encourage her and then hold her as an hostage."

The three Scots were standing to receive their guest when the Lady Sybilla rode up. Her face had lost none of its rale sadness which marked it when Sholto last saw her, and, though the look of utter agony had passed away, the despair of a soul in pain had only become more deeply printed upon it.

The girl, having acknowledged their salutations with a stately and well-accustomed motion of the head, reached a hand for Sholto to lift her from her palfrey.

Then, still without scoken word, she silently sented herself on a gray lichened rock rulely shaped into the semblance of a chair, on which Malise had been sitting at his mending. The strange maiden looked long at the blue of the sea deepening in the notches of the sand dunes beneath them. The three men stood before her waiting for her to sheak. Each of them knew well that lives dearer and more precious than their own hung upon what she might have to say.

At last she spoke in a voice low as the wind when it blows its lightest among the trees. "You have small cause to trust me or to count me your friend," she said, "but we have that which binds closer than friendship, a common enemy and a common cause of hatred. It were better therefore that we should understand one another. I have never lost sight of you since you came to this fatal land of Retz. I have been near you when you knew it not. To accombish this I have deceived the man who is my taskmaster, swearing to him that in the witch crystal I have seen you depart. And I shall yet deceive him in more deadly farthon."

Shelto could restrain himself no longer.

"Enough, he said roughly: "tell us whether the maidens are alive, and if they are abiding in this castle of Machecoul."

The Lady Sybill

The Lady symin and not remove her eyes from the red west.

"Thus far they are safe," said she, in the same calm monotone. "I have come from the white tower in which they are confined. But he whom I serve swears by an oath that if you or other rescuers are heard of again in his country he will destroy them both."

or other rescuers are heard of again in his country he will destroy them both.

She shuddered as she spoke with a strong revulsion of feeling.

"Therefore be careful with a great carefulness. Give up all thought of rescuing them directly. Remember how little you have been able to accomplish and that your slightest actions will bring upon those you love a fate of which you little dream."

"After what we remember of Crichton Castle, how can we trust you, lady? said Malise, sternly. "Do you speak the truth with your mouth?"

"You have indeed small cause to think so." she answered without offence: "yet having no choice, you must seen trust me."

She turned sharply upon Sholto with a strip of paper in her outstretched hand.

"I think, young sir, that you have some reason to know from whom that comes."

Sholto grasped at the writing with a new and wonderful hope in his heart. He knew instinctively before he touched it that none but Maud Lindesay could have written that script, small, clear and distinct as a motto cut on a gen.

"To our friends in France and Scotland, so it

small, clear and distinct as a motio cut of a gen.

To our friends in France and Scotland, so it ran, 'we are still safe this eve of the blessed St. Michael. Trust her who brings this letter. She is our savior and our only hope in a dark and evil place. She is sorry for that which he her ald hath been done. As you hope for forgiveness, forgive her. And for God's dear sake, do immediately the thing she bids you. This comes from Margaret de Douglas and Mand Lindesay. It is written by the hand of M. L. ''' and the bottom was scaled in double

giveness, forgive her. And for Gol's dear sake, do immediately the thing she bids you. This comes from Margaret de Douglas and Maud Lindesay. It is written by the hand of M. I."

The wax at the bottom was sealed in double with the boar's head of Lindesay and the heart of Margaret of Douglas.

Sholto having read the missive silently, passed it to the Lord James that he might prove the seals. For it was his only learning to be skilled in heraldry.

"It is true," he said. "I myself gave the little maid that ring. See—it hath a piece broken from the peak of the device!"

"My lady," said Sholto, "that which you bring is more than enough. We kiss your hand, and we will sacredly do all your bidding, were it unto the death or the trial by fire."

Then, as was the custom to do to ladies whom knights would honor, the Lord James and Sholto kneeled down and kissed the hand of Sybilla de Thours. But Malise, not being a knight, took it only and set it upon his great grizzled head, where it lay for a moment, lightly as upon some gray and ancient tower lies a flake of snow before it melts.

"I thank you for your overmuch courtesy," the girl said, casting her eves on the ground with a new-born shyness moet like that of a modest maid. "I thank you, indeed. You do me honor far above my desert. Still, after all, we work for one end. You have, it is true, the pobler motive—the lives of those you love. But I the deadlier, the death of one I hate! Harken!"

She paused as if to gather strength for that which she had to reveal, and then reaching her hands out she motioned the three men to gather more closely about her, as if the blue Atlantic waves or the red boles of the plue trees might carry the matter.

"Listen," she said: "the end comes fast, faster than any know, save I, to whom for my sans the gift of second sight hath been given. I who speak to you am of Brittany and of the house of De Thouars. To one of us in each generation deseemed this abhorred gift of second sight. And I because as a child, it was my lot to meet one wholly

wavered and changed about the vengeful soul within.

"And now," she went on after a pause, "I bid you, gentlemen of the house of Douglas, depart to John, Duke of Brittany, and having found him, to lay this paper before him. It contains the number sad the names of those who have died in the castles of De Retz. It shows in what hidden places the bones of these slaughtered innocents may be found. Clamor in his ear for justice, in the name of the King of France, and if he will not hear, then in the pame of the folk of Brittany. And if because of his kinship he will not listen go to the Bishop of Nantes, who hates Gilles de Rets. Better than any he knows how to stir the people, and he will send with you trusty men to cause the country to rise in rebellion. Then, they will overturn all the castles of De Retz, and the hidden things shall come to light. This do, and for this time depart from Machesoul, and intrust me (as indeed you must) with the honor and the lives of those you love. I will keep them with mine own until destruction pass upon him who is outcost from God, and whom now his own fleed from heil hath deserted." and whom now all deserted.

Then having sworn to do her bidding the three Scots conducted the Lady Sybilla with honor and observance to her white palircy, and like a spirit she vanished into the sea miss which had sifted up from the west, going back to the drear castle of Machecoul bearing with her the burden of her revenge.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE CROSS UNDER THE APRON.

THE CROSS UNDER THE APRON.

The face of Gilles de Laval. Lord of Retz, had shone all'day with an unholy lustre like that of iron in which the red heat yet struggles with the black. In the castle of Machecoul his familiars went about wearing expressions upon their countenances in which disgust and expectation were mingled with an overwhelming fear of the terrible baron.

The usual signs of approaching high saturnalia at Machecoul had not been wanting.

Early in the morning La Meffraya had been seen hovering like an unclean bird of prev about the playing grounds of the village children at St. Henoit, on the edges of the forest. At 9the frightened villagers heard the howl of a day-hunting wolf, and one Louis Verger, a woodman who was cutting bark for tanneries in the valley, saw a great gray wolf rush out and seize his little son, Jean, a boy of 5 years old, who came bringing his father's breakfast. With a great cry he hurried back to alarm the village, but when men gathered, with seythes and rude weapons of the chase, the beast's track was lost in the depth of the forest.

Little Jean' Verger of St. Benoit was never seen again, unless it were he who, half hidden under the long black cloak of La Meffraye, was brought at noon by the private postern of the baron into the castle of Machecoul. Sc the men of St. Benoit went not back to their work, but abode together all that day, sullen anger burning in their hearts. And one calling himself the servant of the Bishon of Nantes went about among them, and his words were as knives, sharp and bitter beyond belief. And ever as he sooke the men turned them about till they faced Machecoul. Their lies moved like those of a Moslemite who says his prayers toward Mecca. And the words they uttered were indeed prayers of the solemnest import.

about till they faced Machecout. Their libs prayers toward Mecca. And the words they prayers of were indeed prayers of the solemnest import.

With his usual devotion at such seasons Gilles de Retz had attended service thrice that day in his charel of the Holv Innocents. His behavior had been marked by intense devoutness. An excessive tenderness of conscience had marked his confessions to Père Blouyn, his spiritual director in ordinary. He confessed as his most flaxrant sin that his thoughts oftentimes were overmuch set on the vanities of the world, and that he had even sametimes of the world, and that he had even sametimes been tempted of the devil to question the right of Holv Church herself to settle all questions according to the will of her priests and prelates.

Whereupon Père Blouyn, with sauve correctness of judgment, had pointed out wherein he erred, but also cautioned him against that undue tenderness of conscience natural to one with his exalted position and high views of duty and life. Finally he had received absolution.

In the late afternoon the Lord of Retz commanded the fire to be laid ready for lighting in his chamber aloft in the keep of Machecoul, and set himself down to lister, to the slnging of the choir, which under the guidance of Precentor Itenouf rehearsed for him the sweetest and most recent hymns written for the choir of the Holv Fatherat Itome. For there, the Marshal's choirmaster had been trained and with its leader he still kept un a correspondence.

Gilles de Retz, as he sat under the late blooming roses in the afternoon sunshine of the autumn of western France, appeared to the castal eye one of the most noble seigneurs and the most enlightened in the world. He affected a costume already saff the great solder whe had ridden into Orleans with Dunois and the Maid, had begun to lay aside his earthy glories and seek the heavenly.

There, upon a chair placed within the cloisant his layer of such a sunshine with a certain shrewd wintriness in it lay an illuminated copy of the holy Goscel

Suffer little children to come unto Me, And forbid them not, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

And as the boy's clear voice welled out clear and thrilling, as the song of an unward pulsing lark, the tears ran down the face of Gilles de Retz.

God knows why—perhaps it was some glint of his own innocent childhood, some half-dimmed memory of his happily dead mother. Perhaps—but enough. Gilles de Laval de Retz went up the turret stair to flad Polton and Gilles de Sille on guard on either side of the portal which closed his chamber.

'Is all ready?' he said, though the tears were scarcely dry on his cheeks.

They bowed before him to the ground.

'All is ready, lord and master,' they said as with one voice.

'And Irelati?'

'He is in waiting.'

'And La Meffraye.'' he went on. ''Has she arrived?''

"La McGrave has arrived," they said. "All goes fortunately."
"Good," said Gilles de Retz, and shedding his furred monkish cloak carelessly from off his shoulders he went within.

Poiton and Gilles de Sille both reached to catch the mantle ere it fell. As they did so their hands met and touched. And at the touch of each other's flesh they both started and drew apart. Their eves met and were instantly withdrawn. Then having hung up the cloak with pallid countenances and lips white and drawn they slowly followed the Marshal within.

To be continued. "La Meffrave has arrived," they said. "All

To be continued.

The shows with milliams manner and the white milliams white milliams within.

To be continued.

ZEAL THAT FAHED.

A Telegraph Operator's Effort to Please an Official by Attention to Duty.

"The first office that I found myself in possession of." said the retired telegraph operator," was a little way station where there was no much else to do but to report the trains. I had the hight trick, and the trains being few dramins of advancement. One night soon of the limit of the way and the content of the best of the string, the message that came ever the way of the way is a string of the way o

hang. I have seen the fire through which his soul shall pass to its own place. Through me this fate shall come upon him suddenly in one night.

Then I comprehended, and as I transed which if the face lighted up with an inner light and shone translucent in the darkening of the day and the dusk of trees, as if the fair veil of fless, and the dusk of trees, as if the fair veil of fless, and the wire,

Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, Among the Loyal Mountaineers, It Will Honor Lincoln's Memory and the Names of Grant, Lee, Thomas, Jackson and Others. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I very much desire to place before your readers in as strong a light as possible the enterprise of a few of us who are veterans in two fields, that of war for the Union and that of education.

When the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton called me to Washington after the battle of Bontonville, in the spring of 1865, he gave into my charge, as Abraham Lincoln had previously requested in the then chaotic condition of the country. the interests of freedmen and refugees.

The next day after receiving this charge. where destitution appeared to be simply frightful, Mr. Stanton asked me what I proposed to do with such large numbers, who had been disturbed by the operations of war, and had hitherto been kept from starving by our commis-

I answered that the true relief was in educa-

Since that conversation more than sevents institutions of learning of the higher grade have been established, ranging from Philadelphia and Washington to the Rio Grande, and from the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico.

About one-third of the destitute, according to our estimate, were what we called refugees. The law intended to cover the whites, especially, without naming them. For various reasons, over which I had no control, these whites did not get their proportion of the funds that were

devoted by law to educational purposes.

Is my last interview with Abraham Lincoln. when my corps was ordered West, he called my attention to those who were in the Cumberland Mountains, chiefly within the limits of east-ern Kentucky and East Tennessee. He said to "General, they are loyal there; they are

loyal." The Hon. Charles A. Dana, who entered the mountains with me in the inception of Grant's battles about Chattanooga and the subsequent march to Knoxville, always remembered those loyal mountaineers; how men, women and children rushed to the sides of our marching column, and had barrels of water and provisions, such as their searty means would allow, rendy for us; and how the men would sit down on the ground and pull off their shoes and give them to those of our soldiers who were bare-

them to those of our soldiers who were bare-foot, and how surprisingly they brought out the hidden Stars and Stripes and swung them joyously to the breeze as we passed.

May we not pause a moment and ask who are these highlanders that occurs the Cumberland ranges, of which the famous historic Cumber-land Gap on the borders of East Tennessee and Kentucky is the centre? They are nearly 2,000, 000 in number. They are descendants of Hugue-nots and Scotchmen, with a sprinkling of the English, the Germans and the Irish. Heredity made them lovers of liberty.

nots and Scotchmen, with a sprinkling of the English, the Germans and the Irish. Heredity made them lovers of liberty.

In the days of the Revolution it was they who conquered our foes at King's Mountain, Sept. 25, 1780, of whom President Jefferson said:

"That glorious victory was the poyous enunciation of that turn in the tide of success which terminated the Revolutionary war with the scal of independence."

The vilor and patriolism, nay, more, the heroism of these brave mountaineers was little in the early days compared with what they passed through during our terrible civil strife; because the Cumberland Mountains were long the very battlegrounds of the contending armies, Feared by the secessionists because of their myleiding devotion to the Union, they lost their crops, their lenees and their homes, so that their women and children became subjected to extreme suffering. Mountain guerrilas often shot down fathers and sons as outlaws, On the one hand, hostile raiders swept across the bridges which spanned their mountain atreams and destroyed them. Union troops, also, in their operations burned bridges or replaced others by the timber from their houses, and the mountaineers themselves often levoke on their bridges obstructed their highways with

also, in their operations burned bridges or replaced others by the timber from their houses,
and the mountaineers themselves often broke
in their bridges, obstructed their highway, with
the hope of protecting their wives and children
and their homes against the raids of irregular
revalry. Their unexampled devotion to the
old flag is plainly evinced in many a Confederate record and repeatedly referred to by our
own commanders.

Further, may we not remember that 30,000
of these mountaineers from that same East
Tennessee poined the forces for the preservation of the Union?

If glory is given to us veterans, who made
smaller sacrifices, could we not remember the
good woman of the mountains who rode by
night all alone. Ho miles to save Sucar's army
from enpure. She has received no tribute,
Another earried trunt's message to Louisville,
Tenn, and delivered if to a boy, who crept
through the lives and brought in his message
with safety. Neither the woman hor the boy
received thanks from our Government, too busy
to remonber such smalls erylee. It is well, however, for their countrymen to record their
names in history.

Now that a word has been said for these stering people of the South, of their suffering, of
their matchless devotion, of their desolated
homes, of the flays when they were made ref-

their matchess devotion, of their desolated homes, of the days when they were made refugees, with the white specifie of starvation staking through their cabin doors; now that the great contest has been forever settled by the terrible and bitter arbitraments of war, and now that new events have come, a foreign foe with ships and armies menacing our institutions having been driven back at every point, his fleet destroyed and slave people set free, and now that the gallant sons of the South, from the mountains and the lowlands, have joined the men of the North in a rally round the fleet of the south of the south of the south of the series of the south and give them some substantial recognition of their high service? It can best be done through the privileges of a proper ducation, an education theoretic and practical, such as is given very thoroughly to other portions of our country.

as is given very thoroughly concerningly.

Not much can be gained by the study of statistics, yet a slight extract from the eleventh consus may help us. Noticing the record of illiteracy, which we know has been diminished since the census to some degree, we have as

follows:

For Kentucky 21.6 per cent., of which 16.1 per cent. is native white.

North Carolina 35.7 per cent., of which 23.1 per cent. is native white.

Tennesse 26.6 per cent., of which 18 per cent. is native white. Virginia 30 per cent., of which 14 per cent is na-tive white.

tive white.

The illiteracy in the States referred to is chiefly in mountain districts, where families are isolated and have poor means of communiention. When I first visited East Tennessee there

wavered and changed about the vengeful soul within.

"And now," she went on after a pause, "I bid you, gentlemen of the house of Douglas, depart to John, Duke of Brittany, and having found him, to lay this paper before him. It

of the conflict between the armies daths the civil war.

Again we call to mind some facts previously stated—that the descendants of the refugees and of these mountain people had had too few of the magnificent institutions which have been built up for our use in the last thirty years, and it seemed to us that if Lancoin could have his great monument for practical learning at this point it would be a source, a feeder and a promoter of schools in every county, and extend to all the nooks and corners of the mountain country.

We looked around. Mr. Myers took us in his rough wagen and carried us from place to

extend to all the nooks and corners of the mountain country.

We looked around. Mr. Myers took us in his rough wagon and carried us from place to place, from farm to farm and from mountain-top to mountaintop. He not only showed us the Harrow School property and the lands that he believed would be donated to the institution along the slopes of the hills, but he took us to that well-known farm of 500 acres where was the seat of the Four Seasons Hotel. The creditors of that institution in their anger or their greed had torn down the main building, leaving only a heap of mortar, brick and stone; but they had not touched the grand sanitarium nor the water works nor the sewage system nor the macadamized roads nor the large barns. We believed this would make the very beat foundation for an industrial department. We thought that the sanitarium with a few changes would hold 200 of the young girls with their teachers, and that the farm could be so managed as to give the boys employment with remuneration, as is done at Hampton and other agricultural colleges.

On the broad porch of the Harrow School I made this exclamation, which I have since learned was thought of before by one of the visitors, to wit: "Lot us build something worthy the name of Abraham Lincoln! Why longer waste money on mere granife monuments? Let us make a beautiful monument of schools grouped together at this centre, surely not far from Lincoln's birthplace."

That great promoter of education who is distributing an immense estate while he is living, as did the heirs of Corcora and Peahody after their death, linding that we had already started the work and organized a board of trustees to gather the funds, wrote to our President and myself as follows:

Gen. 9, 0. Heward and Dr. W. C. Gray

There is no apoint our country at this time where a school can be established that will do as much good the will be estated to the whole people as you contemplate at Chinherland Gap. Tenn. The location is hight, the farm is ambet after the more selection of the second

o meet the indebtedness as it becomes due and I carnestly desire to effect this withou

and I carnestly desire to effect this without further mortgage.

It goes, however, without saying that the great desire of those of us who are engaged in this enterprise is to secure a large endowment, not only for the proper hulldings and accommodations for at least a thousand students, but to endow professorships and scholarships, to be of assistance to intelligent young men and young women who give promise of becoming leaders and teachers among their people, but who could not effect this altogether by their industries. With some little bitterness wealthy throatian men say to me; "There is a tendency to too much education." I answer, surely you do not mean it; because education which teaches practical farming practical housekeeping and practical industries can never be out of place.

of pince.

Piease understand that this effort goes far beyond the ordinary educational institution. It is founded with the distinctive object to affort thousands in the mountains the opportunities to become godly men and women by increasing not only their theoretic but their practical knowledge of affairs and by development of the cuts the distinction and the means but their practical was the distinction of the means but the means b

ing not only the physical and the mental, but the spiritual being.

My age forbids that I should long remain with my associates, and this is probably my last call in the interest of a particular institution. My love for Abraham Lincoln, which grows with my days, and my love for children and youth must be my excuse for entreating liberal gifts. God grant that we may have enough to pay off all indebtedness before our splendid property or any part of it shall be sacrified.

splendid proserty or any part of it shall be sacrificed.

In these days of blessed reunion between the bine and the gray I have thought that we might call our first hall after Grant and Lee and our second one for Thomas and Jackson.

We propose to record the name of every donor in the first hall erreted in a memorial room set apart for that purpose.

For the information of all interested in our enterprise I will say that my subscriptions as summarized are as follows:

From Chicago, two subscriptions of \$1,000 each and smaller sums, making \$2,120.00 Boston, in sums ranging from \$10 to \$500 each \$2,120.00 to \$10 to \$ New York From Myers, the agent's subscription 1,325 00 921 00 280 62

maller sums, East and West OLIVER O. Howard.

Major-General United States Army, retired,
Maininging Director,
New York, Jan. 14, Office, 10 East Twentythird street, New York city.

CONTEST DECIDED BY INDIANS. The Status of North Carolina Indians De-

cided an Election Case. The Cherokee Indians of North Carolina numbered by the last Federal census 2,885, and there were by the same census in North Carolina 231 " Indians not taxed," this being the distinction between Indians having the right to vote and Indians not having that priviege. Indians not taxed are tribal Indians whose relations with the Government of the United States are regulated by treaty; Indians paying taxes are Indians who have surrendered their allegiance to their chiefs and have be-

The State Senate of North Carolina at Raleigh ias recently decided a contested election between Cannon and Franks from the extreme western or mountain district. Cannon, a Demserat, contended that the election of Franks, a Republican, was obtained by the votes of Cherokee Indians in Swain county who were Cherokee Indians in Swain county who were not qualified electors. The Committee on Elections, to whom the matter was referred, decided that those Indians are not tribal uniter the treaty of 1835, and should be recognized as ettizens of North Carolina. Franks retained his seat.

Swain is one of the small mountain counties of North Carolina, having a total population.

ome American citizens with all the rights. privileges and responsibilities which that re-

The Giving of Free Coal to the Deserving to a New York Charity-Sample Stories Heard by Visitors-Means of Assistance, For many years, beginning in the days of Tweed, the poor of the town had free coal from the municipality every winter. The new

elty charter does away with the coal fund, which in recent years has been \$15,000, and the work of distributing coal among the de-serving poor has failen on the shoulders of private charity. This is as the charity or-ganizations would have it, for the tendency nowadays is to divorce relief work from municipal government. Charity workers hold custom and discriminates but little between the deserving and the undeserving. The New York Society for Improving the

Condition of the Poor, through its Departs ment of Relief, has undertaken the task of giving coal during the winter to those whe are in need of it and cannot buy it. The demand for coal has been heavy ever since the Thanksgiving week blizzard, and during the bitterly cold days of last week the distress among the destitute on the east side was great. So far the association has received bout \$1,000 for its coal fund, and as the cost of distributing coal during the winter will be bout \$7,500, the association appeals to the charitable public for money to carry on the work. The Treasurer is Robert Shaw Minturn, whose office is in the United Charities building, 105 East Twenty-second street, and the general agent of the association is Frank

Every day, in the office of the association, where applications for relief are made, may be seen scores of poor people asking for a quarter or a half ton of coal and for food and clothing. Nearly all these people are well along in years-helpless old women whose husbands are out of work, sick, dead; men who can't get work; younger men and women in temporary distress. The other day a wo-man (2) years old applied for coal. These old people form a class with which it is difficult to deal. They get along with the assistance of their relatives and neighbors and aid from organized charity at times. A son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, helps to support the old man or woman, but some day the friend is taken ill, gets out of work, or worse, and relief must be asked of a charity organization. Every application for relief is investigated

horoughly by the Department of Relief, and it soon becomes known in the tenements that only those in actual need will be aided by the association. Under the old system of free winter after winter, when they could well af-ford to buy it. The experience of charity workers is that the first and most persistent applicants for aid are those who don't need it, while the deserving poor, those in actual distress, are often too independent to tell of their suffering. Through the hospitals, institutions dispensaries, infirmaries, and all the societies for helping the sick, crippled, insane, incapable and unfortunate the New York Association hears of cases of distress and does its best to administer relief wisely.

When an application is made to the associa-

tion for relief, a visitor, a woman, is sent to the home of the applicant. There she soon fluds tion for relief, a visitor, a woman, is sent to
the home of the applicant. There she soon finds
whether the need is netual or feigned. She
may find that not only a quarter of a ton of
coal is needed to keen a family of five or six
young children warm, but that there is a greater
need of food and clothing. She gives an order
for a dollar's worth of groceries and clothing is
sent from the association's office. A quarter
of a ton of coal is delivered. The work is only
begun by this temporary relief, for if it stopped
at giving food, clothing and fuel, within a few
days or weeks aid would be asked for again.
The sick are made well, the idle are out at
work, the helpless are sent to hospitals and
homes. An hear or two spent with one of the
association's women visitors on the cast side
will give an idea of the work. One morning
last week one of the visitors went out with a
half dozen visits to make between Twentyseventh and Twelfth streets.

On Twenty-seventh street, off First avenue,
in a dark, damp, back tenement, living in two
ittle rooms, the bedroom as black as a dungeen, was found a woman who had asked for
coal. She was a woman of perhaps 50 years,
of Irish descent, intelligent and good-hear ed,
not a beggar by any means. The small living
room was fidy, and about the room were pictures and ornaments that told of better days.
The case was a simple one, as a few questions
showed.

"You are married?"
"Yes," rehectantly, "but he's no good. They
tell me I can live better without him."
"Ho doesn't live with you?"
"The old man comes and goes, but he's no
account."
"How do you live?"

account."
"How do you live?"
"Oh, my son James gave me \$4 a week, and
he earned only \$5. He wanted a dollar-for the
thenyter and-Oh, he's a good boy-1 couldn't
ask him to give it all to me."
"He's out of work?"

"He's out of work?"
"Yes, and I wish you could get him back.
He had a job at —, a good job, but he wanted
more pay, and he's sert of bashful, and he
wouldn't ask for it. He gave up his place, and
it was a good place."
"Perhaps we can get him back there."
"I here you can, Alies, for he's a good boy,

wouldn'task for it. He gave up his place, and it was a good blose."

"Perhans we can get him back there."

"I here you can. Miss, for he's a good boy, only a little bashfut."

"Where is he nows!"

"Oh, he's out looking for a job, I suppose." Such a case was not difficult to deal with. With two leanthy boys in a family, there was little cause for distress. But down on Twelfth street the visitor found a case of real distress. In a back tenement she found a young woman with a sick baby and a two-year-old boy. The young husband was on blackwell's Island, having just completed a six months' term for attempting to rob a Brocklyn flat. The wife had appealed to Justice Jerome to remit the fine of \$150 so that her husband could be free. Her sister had heljed her jay the rent and buy food, and she had done washing and ironing and cleaning at times, leaving the baby in a day nursery. But the sister had been unable to help her longer and she had been too lil to work. She had to starve or ask for aid. Temporary aid was given her—money to buy some foud for the day, and some coal. The husband's case will be looked after.

In another back togement on Seventeenth street was found a sieldy formus widow, with a fine voung boy of three or four years, who got her rooms rear free by carring for the tenement and the adjoining one. By working in a restand the adjoining one hey drawn for the tenement will she had been too increase had keep her at home. She needed medical attendance, food and fuel, and a chance to do more healthful work.

Every morning at 11 o'clock the association's visitors are women of experience, as well as of tact, good indigment and kindly kearing, the needed are made known and dealt with in a careful, reasonable and kindly way. A study of the work of the Relief Department will show that its \$40,000 or \$750,000 a year does a great amount of good. Last year and \$1,000 lively way.

the fiventy of NeC, and should be recognized the fiventy of NeC, and should be recognized his seat.

Swain is one of the small mountain counties of North Carolina, having a total population of the small mountain counties of North Carolina, having a total population of the small mountain counties of North Carolina, having a total population of the county of the small mounts counties. N. Y. and inhabited chiefly by backwoodsmen in the region of the Great Smokey Mountains, which constitute the boundary line between the inhabitants, those on the Kentucky-Touriesce aido being in fact the same as on the North.

The relation of Indians to the suffrage has long been a subsect of dispute and matter of controversy in the election laws of the United States. In Arizona all Indians are excluded from rights which in the former State allores chapter in the substantial of the states. In Arizona all Indians are excluded from rights which in the former State allores chapter in the substantial of the states. In Montana and Newsda all Indians are included in the same are regarded from rights which in the former State allores chapter in the substantial of the substantial points of the North Indians whether retaining their trial also states. In Montana and Newsda all Indians whether retaining their trial also spane or not, are excluded in North and the substantial points of the North Indians whether retaining their trial also spane or not, are excluded. In Montana and Newsda all Indians are included in the same processors and eithers who have not raid their taxes. In Montana and Newsda all Indians whether retaining their trial also spane or not, are excluded in North and the substantial continuation of the character of the social for the montant of the social forms whether retaining their trial also spane or not, are excluded in North and the substantial points of the social forms of the substantial points of the social forms of the substantial points of the social for the substantial points of the social forms of the substantial po